

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 8. No. 1. 1st March, 1935.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

RANDWICK RACES

AUTUMN MEETING, 1935

April 20th, 22nd, 24th and 27th

FIRST DAY.

AUTUMN PLATE (W.F.A.)	£1,500
A.J.C. SIRES PRODUCE STAKES	£3,000
DONCASTER HANDICAP	£2,000
ST. LEGER	£1,500

SECOND DAY.

THE SYDNEY CUP	£5,000
AND GOLD CUP valued	£200
EASTER PLATE (for Two-Year-Old Fillies)	£750

THIRD DAY.

ALL-AGED PLATE (W.F.A.)	£1,500
CHAMPAGNE STAKES	£2,000
CUMBERLAND PLATE (W.F.A.)	£1,100

FOURTH DAY.

C. W. CROPPER PLATE	£1,500
A.J.C. PLATE (W.F.A.)	£1,100

Special Trams direct to the Racecourse.

Broadcast description of Races to all enclosures.

Warwick Farm Races

April 13th, 1935

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WARWICK FARM AUTUMN CUP	£650

Special Trains direct to the Racecourse.

Broadcast description of Races to all enclosures.

General entries for the above Meetings close on the 2nd April.

PROGRAMMES showing full particulars may be obtained at A.J.C. Office.

6 Bligh Street,
SYDNEY.

GEO. T. ROWE,
Secretary.



Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's
Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.*

Vol. 8.

MARCH 1, 1935.

No. 1.

Tattersall's Club

157 Elizabeth Street,

Sydney



Chairman: W. W. HILL

Treasurer: S. E. CHATTERTON

Committee:

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G. MARLOW	J. H. O'DEA
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Secretary: T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB, which was established on the 14th May, 1858, is the leading sporting and social Club in Australasia.

The Club House, situated at 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for the quality of food served and the reasonable prices charged. The Swimming Pool on the third floor is the only elevated Pool in Australasia, and from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting at Randwick will be held on Saturday, 11th May, 1935.

The Club Man's Diary

The Americans we meet in the club truly representative of their country are "regular fellows," as they say in the U.S.A., and as we have also in Australia come to apply to sportsmen. We have in mind,



Mr. John E. Kennebeck.

particularly, Mr. John Kennebeck, Paramount chief, who in his years in our midst has assimilated so much good Australianism as almost to be accepted as one of us.

Australians have much in common with Americans, and while the great firms of the Republic choose men of the John Kennebeck type to represent them, that bond of brotherhood will not be imperilled, at least, by misunderstandings.

* * *

Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C., turned up to a farewell cocktail party with his arm in a sling, due to an accident. Many of the company must have awakened, next morning, with their heads in a sling, due also to an accident concerned with a crash of glass. Suffice to say that the drinks went round with the speed of a merry-go-round; and everybody was happy.

Altogether, it was something for Mr. Murray to remember his Sydney friends by when he moves among the elect of old England.

The city has seen fewer gatherings of that kind more representative, or heard speeches couched in more genuinely friendly terms.

The organisers were Senator-elect Lionel Courtenay and General Lloyd, with Mr. Tom Watson as chorus master. Among the speakers were the Lord Mayor (Ald. Parker) and the Minister for Labour and Industry (Mr. Dunningham), the latter of whom will probably meet Mr. Murray abroad.

* * *

The field for the King's Jubilee Stakes—the winner to represent the British Parliamentary Empire Union at London celebrations marking the 25th anniversary of the accession of George R.I.—was a small but classy one, and the going was keen. The selection by ballot on the first past the post principle, was won by the Minister for Labour and Industry (Mr. J. M. Dunningham).

Our club associations make us

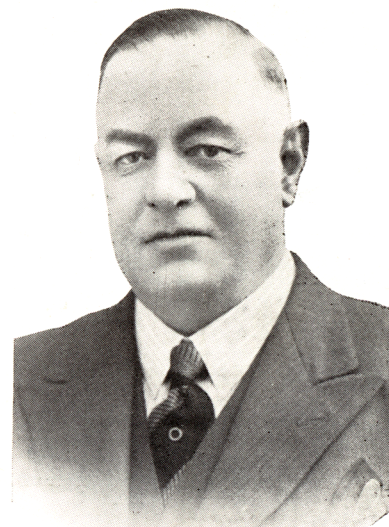


*Hon. J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A.,
Minister for Labour and Industry.*

naturally elated, but we must remember that these matters are not determined altogether on a man's personal appeal; in other words, his popularity. Representative fitness, capacity to carry off the job, count mainly.

Mr. Dunningham will be accompanied by his wife, and we wish them all that the confidence so placed in them connotes.

Mr. J. O. Meeks, big director of Sydney business, came back from an extended tour abroad with a different story from that which the usual globe-trotter tells of the old-world cauldron. The boil-over, so frequently predicted, might be pre-



Mr. J. O. Meeks.

cipitated by war, Mr. Meeks confessed; but, apart from that, he was not dismal or despairing. He saw light. He did not grope about in vague generalities, shaking his head portentously.

Briefly, he believed that, barring war—and Mr. Meeks wasn't so pessimistic about that, either—the old world was righting itself, slowly but surely. Indications pointed to a revival of the old prosperity, in which Australia would share greatly, he said.

This is all very satisfying, for Mr. Meeks is more than "tourist class." His ability to pass judgment is undisputed, and he isn't an echo of settled opinion.

* * *

Mr. Len Plasto, who left recently for the U.S.A., is one of Sydney's best-known business men who find leisure-time companionship among sportsmen. He does a fine job of work as hon. secretary of the 13th Battalion A.I.F. Association at Ashfield.

Mr. Frank Carberry had a birthday on March 5, and we wish this genial fellow and generous host "the best"—bottled and otherwise. Frank is a young Australian who added lustre to Australia among the swimming champions of not so long ago, and it is also a tribute to his personal skill and stability that he is at the head of his profession.

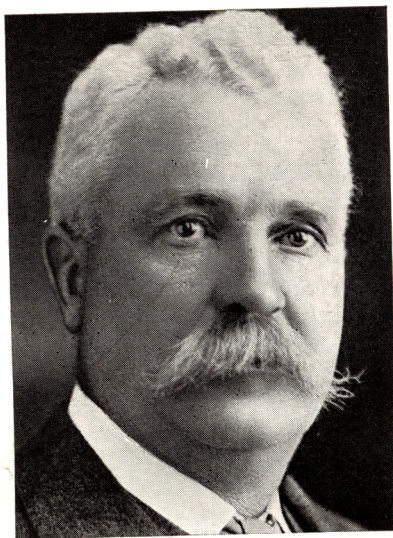
* * *

We are glad to have among us again Mr. A. D. Cook, recently back from Calcutta, where he was resident manager of the well-known Sun Insurance Co. We wish Mr. Cook and his company a continuance of bright days.

* * *

Our old friend Mr. Jack Cameron, who will forever be connected in turf history with The Hawk, passed through Sydney last month on his way from New Zealand to Melbourne. He has designs on the Australian Cup with his chestnut mare, Gold Trail, who was in Sydney as a two-year-old. Mr. Cameron, like many of his confreres, has apparently the secret of

perennial youth, for his years sit lightly on him. Long may they continue to do so.



Mr. Jerome Dowling, who was elected an Honorary Life Member of the Club on the 25th February, 1935, and whose membership dates back to 10th April, 1899.

* * *

Mr. Doug. Webster is sure to set a record as a trans-Tasman travel-

ler. In fact, it is just a little difficult for him to decide at the moment which is his permanent abode—in Australia or in New Zealand. He was noticed greeting all his old friends in the club recently, but stayed only a short time before hurrying off to the big meetings in Melbourne. He will be back here again for the big meeting at Randwick at Easter.

* * *

Amongst the enthusiasts of the club Swimming Pool is Mr. Ian M. Jacoby, who takes swimming in the pool and a spot of golf as relaxation from a heavy job. Although he may not look like the accepted portrait of a pioneer, that is what he is, for he pioneered Australian money into a system of financial organisation—taking over the responsibility of the contracts of traders who are compelled to do business on the instalment plan, and for the benefit of their traders only. Only 34, Mr. Jacoby is head of one of the biggest "acceptance" concerns; yet he started a Perth boy from scratch.



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A Most Remarkable Man—James White

(By a Member)

"Those travel notes which have appeared in our club magazine of late strike me as being a great idea." Thus spoke one of our members during the month. He went on to relate how he had enjoyed his meeting with James White, of England, one of the greatest gamblers ever, and herewith tells the story in his own way. It is really remarkable.

It was just after the war that I visited England, and on one occasion Steve Donoghue introduced me to James White in his rooms at the Hotel Midland, Manchester. We had barely finished shaking hands when White assumed an air that we had known each other all our lives. "You and Steve be coomin' ahrt wi' me this evenin'," he announced, in the broadest dialect of his county. We went, too, to a place named Stephen, where our guest was acting as chairman at a social turnout in connection with Lancashire League Cricket, of which he was the president.

If Jimmy took a fancy to anyone, that person had to know all about James himself, in a hurry, and at the same time tell something of his own history. Having become enormously wealthy, White's presence at any function gave it high colour, for he spared not the pennies to make everything elaborate, and frightfully so.

Let me give as near as possible a pen picture of the man of whom I write:—His eyes were steel grey, and he worked them up and down unceasingly whilst talking. Never from side to side. He had a habit of scrutinising you from head to toe all the time he was in your company. Vanity had quite a lot to do with this, for I learned later that it was his objective to find out just what sort of an impression he was making. He monopolised all conversation and threw his chest out through having Steve Donoghue to show off to his townspeople. The greatest jockey in England had, up till that time, merely been a name to the population, but here

he was in the flesh—engaged at a princely salary to ride for James White. Readers will have guessed ere this that White was egotism personified. He considered himself the Napoleon of finance, and averred that all would, in time, be forced to bow down before him. How he loved the bookmakers! Whenever one had the good fortune to be on the collecting end of a wager with White, the latter would swear revenge and brag about how he would get even.

He made arrangements with all the leading bagmen that they would accept from him bets up to a "monkey" each way to his call. Naturally, with Donoghue's advice and experience to draw on, his successes were not infrequent. He also had a few trainers who were prepared to give him the "oil," and it can be truthfully written that he was not niggardly when things were going his way and the information proved to be correct. To give a line on his betting, he had a cheque framed and hung it in his office in the Strand, London. It was for one week's settling, and amounted to a little more than £50,000. It certainly gave its owner a thrill, and he boasted he would repeat the dose each week, but, like many before him and since, everything did not run to schedule.

White had three trainers—Harry Cottrill, Martin Hartigan and Laing Ward. Not all together, but in succession. White won the Cesarewitch in 1919 with Ivanhoe, and the Lincolnshire Handicap with Granely. Irish Elegance won the Royal Hunt Cup and later the Portland Handicap at Doncaster. Cottrill, who had bought all these horses for their owner, also owned a horse named North Waltham, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cottrill liked the horse which he had bought for £1,000, and after it had won four handicaps in good style, he figured that White would go for it scone hot. He was right. The prad was, in White's eyes, well handicapped in the Manchester

Cup, and the affluent gambler decided nothing could be finer than that the steed should run in his colours. He also stated openly that he would win a "bundle" for himself and break every bookmaker in the land by telling his friends all about it. Every bookmaker was regarded as a natural enemy. Came the start of the negotiations with Cottrill.

The night before the race, White 'phoned his trainer and offered £3,000. Cottrill stuck out for £5,000, plus stake winnings, which ran to somewhere around £2,500. White then went the limit; £4,000 cash and all the winnings throughout the horse's career. The deal was clinched, and registered at Weatherbys. Later, White decided that he must have sole control of North Waltham, but Cottrill reminded him of the contract. Such details did not worry White, and he paid over some more cash for the rights. Cottrill told me that the horse had netted him well over £14,000.

On one occasion I was taken out to Foxhill, where Paddy Hartigan was training for White. The gambler had rebuilt the homestead and it was by far the most grand establishment that I have seen, before or since. As an example of how money was lavished on these training quarters, let me point out that the bathrooms were lavishly furnished, the baths of flawless porcelain, glittering chromium and rich marble. You can imagine what the rest of the place was like. It is beyond my powers to describe. Strangely enough, this particular night marked the start of the tobaggan for White. It was a champagne dinner, and, apropos of nothing, at about 9 p.m. White instructed one of his servants to go and buy Daly's Theatre. "I'll give 'em £200,000—not a penny less," he said, and within 48 hours everything was signed up.

(Continued on page 16)



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LONDON TYPE

Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales

1935 Royal Easter Show

The Royal Show at Moore Park will be staged this year by the Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales from the 15th to 24th April.

The Society has spared no effort to place before the public of Australia the finest display of stock and products of the land within its power. During the last two or three years all the showground buildings have been placed in a thorough state of repair, additional accommodation has been provided for horses and cattle, and a new pavilion has been erected to house the Horticulture Section which has become one of the most popular amongst the general public, whilst for the forthcoming show the woodchopping stadium has been enlarged and some hundreds of additional seats provided.

Without being unduly optimistic, the Secretary, Col. Somerville, anticipates that the 1935 Royal Easter Show will be a record of records. During the last two years the Society has regained much of the public support lost during the years of intense depression, and it is hoped that given reasonably good weather the record attendance of 1926, viz., 645,000, will be exceeded next Easter. This optimistic view is based on a general review of country conditions, the improvement in secondary industries, and applications from all parts of Australia for Prize Schedules and general information concerning the show. The membership of the Society is also returning to its peak period record.

Whilst the show is still six weeks off, nearly half a million square feet of space have been booked by commercial exhibitors.

Entries have not yet closed for the ring events, but it is expected that last year's figures will be easily exceeded.

With a view to providing the best and most up to date attractions for the general public who patronise the Easter Show, the Society has retained the services of three champion cowboys of America and the champion

cowgirl of Australia, who will stage various items of interest, such as buckjumping, steer riding and tying, camp drafting, etc. International events will be staged during the night sessions between American and Australian riders.

The Society has also engaged four Cossacks now in Australia, who will give the Sydney public an opportunity of seeing some of their extraordinary horsemanship. The riders in this team have appeared in the



*Colonel G. C. Somerville, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Secretary, Royal Agricultural Society.*

main cities of the world and are regarded as the best of their kind.

For the entertainment of the children, two Red Indians will also appear in the showground ring and give young Australians an opportunity of seeing Red Indians as they appeared in their native country.

That most important section at all Easter shows—the cattle section—has been given every consideration by the Royal Agricultural Society. The breeders' wishes have been met in every possible way and it is anticipated that the cattle displayed this year will be the finest ever seen in the Southern Hemisphere.

The wheat section at the forthcoming show will be the best ex-

hibition of white wheats ever displayed in the Farrer Court or in any exhibition throughout Australia. A record entry of 400 has been received. The previous record was in 1933, when 264 entries were catalogued. For wheat farmers this section will be of particular interest.

The wheat industry, in spite of adverse harvesting conditions and somewhat low existing prices, is determined to see that Australian grain attains the highest standard. Growers deserve the utmost praise for their efforts in presenting to the public this fine exhibit of their product. The eagerness of the wheat farmer to improve the standard of his wheat has resulted to a large extent from the Field Wheat Competitions conducted by the Royal Australian Society throughout the wheat belt of New South Wales for the last fifteen years. It is generally recognised that these competitions have added two bushels per acre to the yield throughout the State.

In the export butter classes a further record in entries has been created. The splendid entries in the classes mentioned give good promise for the other sections for which entries have not yet closed.

The support given by commercial exhibitors has been far in excess of the last six shows and can be regarded as a definite indication that we are passing through more prosperous times. Practically all the available space has been booked, and the collection of commercial exhibits representing all classes of secondary industry will be one of the most comprehensive and educational seen in Sydney for some years.

A movement which is of considerable attraction to young farmers of to-day is a camp provided by the Society at the Easter Show for representatives of junior farmers' clubs in this State. This year, special classes have also been included for members of these clubs to judge the products of the land, and the keenness displayed is most marked.

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BILLIARDS

A NEW IDEA OUTLINED FOR MEMBERS

The month of March always brings with it serious thought on the part of regular billiard players. Their big moments are near at hand. As usual, our own club will conduct its annual billiard and snooker tournaments during the cooler weather and the inter-club competition will start almost immediately. In this latter matter, it would greatly assist the committee if members who are available would let the fact be known. The various sections, billiards, bridge and dominoes, take some organising and it is desired that all members who wish to participate in the inter-change of visits, shall have the opportunity of so doing.

It is to be hoped our club champions, Billy Longworth, Hans Robertson and A. V. Miller, will again strike form this year and do us proud in the State amateur title events in which they played brilliantly last year. Hans managed to annex the snooker title and will carry the best wishes of members when defending same during the next few months. Maybe he will practice on some of us in our own tours, but in that respect we are sure to have our old friend, the handicapper, on our side for once.

Last winter was the biggest billiard season in our history, and we are in for a goodly supply of first-class games this year if everything runs to schedule. It is proposed to conduct the Australian title events in Sydney instead of Adelaide as the city of churches desires their right to same to be put back twelve months in order that they might be made synchronise with the jubilee celebrations in 1936. Each State takes its turn in rotation, but it is unlikely any objection will be raised to the proposal.

Members will be glad to learn of the big break put up by Joe Davis recently when he compiled a 2002 break, which creates a new record for baulk-line billiards, though, of course, far behind Walter Lindrum's 4137 which the Australian established in 1931.

They have been having a hectic time over in England with their billiards. Willie Smith has come back into the game and in his recent match against Tom Reece, made a 1022 break, which is the first four figure run he has compiled at Thurston's, although it made his 83rd in all. He must have been in rare touch, for he followed it up with a beautiful 811. The old warrior, Reece, was having a bad time during this game and when Smith had scored

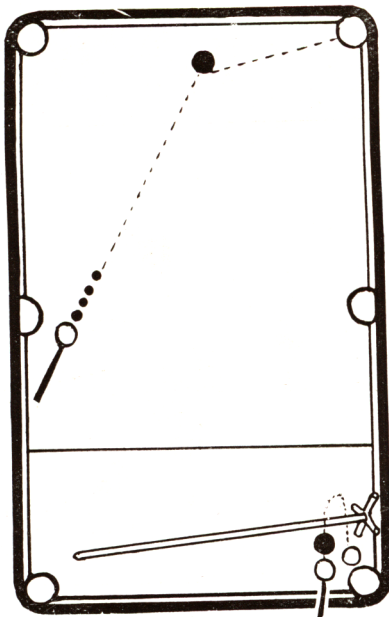
four figure breaks and Inman's 200 runs were not "gate drawers" as of old.

They are trying a new idea overseas and it might well be worth giving a trial here. At the moment these notes are being written, a sealed tournament is being conducted in which Davis, Newman, Smith, Reece and Inman are taking part. Tom Webster, of caricature fame, did the handicapping and placed same in a sealed envelope which will be kept by the secretary of the Billiards and Control Council until the tournament ends on March 16. Webster will then have the envelope returned and at the conclusion of the last game, will announce the contents and, ipso facto, the winner.

The idea is novel and it means that even in the hour of defeat, the losing player will strive to save every point in order that his handicap may make up the difference.

One imagines that something of the kind might well be introduced into our own club championship. It is up to the members concerned to voice expression.

Of course, the tournament would needs be run on the American system, in which each competitor plays the other, and with the highest aggregate of points deciding the winner. Look at it this way: Interest would be maintained right until the end, for even though a player suffer defeat on every occasion, his loss of points may be so small as to keep him still in the running for a handicap prize. It is merely running two tournaments at the one time but with the exception that the players, in the one case, would not have any idea as to what they would be receiving from or conceding to opponents. There would be much speculation as to what margin would be required and it is unlikely that one man could win both sections. It is highly probable that the "silent result" would cause more speculation than anything we have had for some time.



The diagram shown above has two interests. In the first place it answers the question regarding whether or not a jump shot is fair. It will be seen that in the "in-off-the-red-shot" a line of pennies have been placed in front of the cue ball. Same will always jump over the obstruction without any wish or desire on the part of the cueist. The shot is fair. In the bottom corner is shown an attractive fancy shot which consists of playing on to the white, jumping the rest and coming back underneath for a cannon. It is a great shot, but, try it out on your own table.

7,472 points, Thomas' tally stood at 1,650. These figures show how the game has progressed in the matter of skill, for Reece is playing very little inferior to the best of his career. The same thing applied to Melbourne Inman when that worthy was last in Australia. His breaks and averages compared more than favourably with any of his earlier efforts, but Davis, Smith, Lindrum and Coy. had educated us up to

FAMOUS CLUBS—The "Kitcat"

Number 5.

In previous issues, we have dealt with famous clubs at present existing in our midst. Now, then, let us tarry a moment or two and ponder over the ideas of great-great-grandfather.

In the gay old days of powdered perriwigs, silken hose and snapping snuff boxes; when the gentlemen in their gold braided jerkins and girded as to the loins with jewel-crusted rapiers; and lassies in rustling petticoats of seductive silk had no such institution as "talkies" and community singing to sate their desire for entertainment, the popular forms of amusement were a play or two, a ball at her ladyship's country house and clubs. And not the least of these delights were the clubs.

We are thankful that history has not forgotten them and handed on to us of a few generations more culture, the story of their foundation and existence.

One of the most famous of the 18th century was the popular Kitcat Club. Jumping to conclusions one might imagine that this institution was composed of hollow-hearted spinsters who met together to discuss their grievances against the beastly male species of the day and censor in horrified tones the manner in which a certain young lady had displayed her left ankle in view of many men at some ball or other. Let me hasten to disillusion you. There was no such luck for the spinsters.

In 1703 a certain Christopher Cat was lord and master of a popular pie house. It sounds rather suspicious to the modern generation who know what a delight the feline fraternity take in turning rodents into nourishment. However, the people of the period evidently had

no qualms for the pie house prospered. Indeed, so many notables indulged in Cat's combination of meat and pastry that the vendor, waxing prosperous on his gains, decided to form a club of leading lights who might meet together at his establishment and discuss current news between mouthfuls of pie.

His descendants may well lay claim to the honour of having an ancestor who first introduced the "counter lunch" system of attracting custom.

And so the club had its genesis at the house of Mr. Cat, Shire Lane, Temple Bar, London.

gilded rapier in gallant fashion, is my Lord Marlborough. 'Odds Life! he's talking to my Lords Halifax and Somers about his recent successes in France. He does make a pretty picture 'egad showing how he spit-ted the sotted Frenchman who charged through his bodyguard to aim a sly blow at his bosom. Ah! but he does not talk so convincingly as Sir Robert Walpole, who is trying to impress upon a pie munching audience that the South Sea Bubble was none of his making. 'Egad, how the fellow talks. Better if he paid more attention to the pasty growing cold under the influence of his cold measured tones.

Joseph Addison presents a pretty sight informing Steele, Vangurgh and Congreve of the plot of his next story about Sir Roger de Coverley. Look ye! he is going to show them the new Sir Roger de Coverley dance. No, egad, he's not. Too much pie perhaps.

These men were a few of the celebrities of the time who graced the club with their presence. Indeed, some of the foremost wits, painters, politicians and men of let-

ters of London had seen fit to eat pies with one another under the watchful eye of the Cat.

Evidently Cat became too confident of his guests and allowed the quality of his product to fall even too low for the hard drinking patrons, for the club, a few years after its inception, moved en masse to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, where, probably, there was more meat in between the pastry and the host did not have such a suspicious name as our good friend Christopher.

Still, Whigs of those days were hard to please and the club was later moved to the home of the secretary of the institution, Jacob



Interior view of the Kitcat Club.

Politics played just as big a part in public life those days as it does now and consequently there was a deal of bitterness amongst the people who struggled for admission to the order of pie eaters. The Whigs, having the biggest appetites and the deepest pockets, won the day and garrisoned the establishment against the encroachments of the "damned Tories," with stress on the first word.

When the first list of members was posted up the names of 39 prominent citizens of London adorned it. Later new members were admitted until the list totalled 48.

Take a peep inside the club room. Over there in the corner, waving his

Tonson, a publisher, at Barn Elms. Things were done in true style and a special room was fitted up.

Established in elaborate quarters at last the members began to feel ambitious and decided that they would enjoy themselves far more if their portraits were hung around the walls of their club room. Accordingly Sir Godfrey Kneller, a prominent brush-pusher of the era, set to work to paint the top half of the more famous of the members. Painting history was made with this decision. Kneller had to paint the pictures a certain size (36 by 28 ins.) so that they would hang attractively from the low walls. The portraits were a little under half length but sufficiently long to include a hand. This style of portrait painting still has the name of "Kitcat size."

Many of the portraits still exist and are greatly valued by their pos-

sessors. Perhaps if good Sir Godfrey knew how famous these paintings were to make him he would have been more kind in transcribing the gravy-stained faces of his subjects on to canvas. He is said to have treated some of them rather harshly.

Although the ladies were not admitted to the club membership, they were certainly not forgotten. At the end of each year a revel was held to which the most beautiful girls in London were invited. During the festivities an election was held to choose the most beautiful girl in London. The lass who won received many gallant toasts and poems in her honour. She was the official queen of beauty in London for the following year.

Concerning this bright old custom a very pretty story is told. One year a mighty revel was held and

all the beauties, and there were plenty of them, were present in their most gorgeous array to try and capture the fancy of the mere men. Competition was as keen as the mustard Cat used to use on his pies. In the midst of the excitement the Duke of Kingston wagered that his little daughter, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was but 8 years old, was more delectable to the naked eye than all the mature beauties that were gathered before the court of competition. His wager was accepted and he immediately sent for the little lass. The result is history. Immediately they saw the tiny vision of delight that confronted them the members, as one, lifted their glasses in a toast and by so doing elected her queen. Then they lined up in a queue and solemnly kissed her and feasted her with sweets probably to take the flavour of their pie-eck pecks from her rosebud lips.

POOL SPLASHES

The breast and backstroke events of the "John Samuel" Cup series created a huge amount of interest and to Mr. Jack Samuel go the thanks of the Swimming Club for putting up the cup in the contest for which they form part.

Both events were held over 40 yards with the following results:—

Breaststroke: J. Dexter, 1; L. Rein, 2; S. Carroll, 3. Time 29 1/5 secs.

Backstroke: J. Dexter, 1; A. S. Block, 2; S. Carroll, 3. Time, 36 secs.

A 220 yards handicap and diving contest have yet to be held to complete the competition in which points to date are: J. Dexter, 8; L. Rein, 4; S. Carroll, 4; A. S. Block, 4; C. Godhard, 2; V. Richards, 2; K. Hunter, 1; F. Carberry, 1; J. Buckle, 1; W. K. Garnsey, 1.

The contest for absolute possession of the cup runs over three seasons, this being the second, the swimmer who gains most points over the whole series taking the trophy.

Total leading points for last and this season are: J. Dexter, 15; A. Richards, 11; V. Richards, 10; K. Hunter, 10; A. S. Block, 8.

Les. Herron and his pal A. E. Rain-

bow are again in racing trim. Les. celebrated his return to the fold by swimming a good second with C. Godhard in a brace relay and followed that up with a tie for first

like being in the money for the latest point score.

Dewar Cup.

There have been some changes in the battle order for the cup since last issue and Stan Carroll has been ousted from his top position by both Sammy Block and Jack Dexter.

But there is plenty of time for further changes as the competition does not close until July.

The leaders now stand:—J. Dexter, 36½; A. S. Block, 35; S. Carroll, 33; C. Godhard, 30; A. Richards, 24; V. Richards, 23; G. Goldie, 22½.

Point Score Events.

Results of point score races held since the last issue of the magazine were as follow:—

February 7—120 Yards Brace Relay: G. Goldie and A. S. Block (97), 1; C. Godhard and L. J. Herron (77), 2; J. Dexter and L. Rein (71), 3. Time 95 1/5 secs.

February 14—40 Yards: G. Goldie (35) and L. J. Herron (26), tie, 1; A. S. Block (26), 3. Time 32 4/5 secs. and 23 4/5 secs.

January-February Point Score—Leaders in this series, with one more event to be contested, are:—G. Goldie, 8½; A. S. Block, 8; C. Godhard,



Emile Poussard and Jean Taris.

in a 40 yards event, swimming 23 4/5.

George Goldie is staying better than he did. Two wins in his last two races isn't so bad and he looks

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8; L. J. Herron, 6½; V. Richards, 4; J. Dexter, 4; K. Hunter, 3; S. Carroll, 3; L. Rein, 3.

Keen interest was shown over the visit of the French stars, Jean Taris and Emile Poussard who visited the Club on Friday, February 22nd, and a large number of members attended the exhibitions which provided really good fare.

Taris, who was beaten by inches only in the last Olympic 400 metres by American "Buster" Crabbe, agreed to attempt to clip the pool 220 yards record of 2.30.

Noted cheering the effort was Bill Longworth, many times Australian champion over all distances. That 2.18 4/5 must have made Bill think back to the days when he put up 2.26 4/5, which was reckoned a wonderful performance. So it was when he was beating them all, but

they've advanced since then. Anyway Bill's swim was over 110 yards laps.

Poussard, too, provided a contrast to the last star diver, Frank Kurtz, of America, to dive for us.

A nuggety little chap, wonderfully well built and muscled he looked a pocket Hercules against what we remember of Kurtz, a fair-skinned lithe figure.

Poussard obliged with a number of dives, all of them first-class, showing a great deal of skill in acrobatics.

It might be said that he picked up a lot more at a jolly luncheon tendered by the chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, at which our popular club member, Mr. Alphonse Even, was present.

Like Taris, he thought Melbourne was a wonderful place. He said it with a twinkle in his eye as if wait-

ing for someone to say "But have you seen our Harbour," and looked quite surprised when Mr. Hill and Swimming Association President James Taylor agreed that Melbourne is a great place.

Both declared themselves enchanted with Tattersall's Club, its wonderful views, and pool, Poussard declaring the springboard first rate.

According to them they have but one club like ours in Paris.

Taris is not the irrepressible type of Poussard but he, too, was impressed by what he has seen in Australia, the canneries at Leeton, the good sportsmanship and enthusiasm with which they have been hailed everywhere.

But most of all his admiration is for the Australians who fought in the Great War.

The Country Race Meeting

Types One Meets—How They Look—What They Say

A confirmed Sydneysider, I had not attended a country race meeting for many years until recently. It was a strange show after Randwick.

The crowd had not the density or the fashion, the glow or the sparkle. Horny-handed men, for the most part, with their bronzed sons and comely daughters; the pioneer appearance about all. You have heard it before, maybe: "The toilers who go forth to hew and to build that the city folk may dwell in magnificence."

The women were neither plumed nor powdered. The presence of babies in large numbers—mostly the products of early maternity—struck another old-fashioned note.

And the crowd came, for the most part, in a heterogeneous collection of 'buses and derelict contraptions that, in some instances, would have made an imposing exhibit in a worst turn-out display.

There were few motor cars—more, probably, than I noticed, for I was attracted by the daring driving of the teams of four on the way to the course. And that pair of

black leaders! Why weren't they at the Sydney Show, blue-ribboned?

We of the Press occupied a one-horse chariot. The driver, on his own admission, had been in the district for 30 years. I judged that his consummate ability in avoiding the wheel of an approaching vehicle by bare inches was the reckless skill, the perfect abandon, born of experience.

The horse was slow, but sure; and I liked the old chap on the box seat because he liked the horse. There's always something of the finer stuff in any man who likes a horse, for the horse—not necessarily always the racehorse—is man's best pal. Out in the hot sands of Palestine he helped Australia win through. He's a noble and gallant fellow, the horse.

Our driver addressed us of the Press as "gentlemen." It sounded strange—after Sydney.

The band was not uniformed, and the conductor hadn't even a baton, while a smiling urchin held the score. There was no professional air or wild gesticulation about this conductor—nothing, indeed, of dis-

tinction, beyond his position in the centre.

He wore a soft shirt and a soft hat, and he beat time softly with a hard hand. But he got the music from his band.

Invariably there was a rush to get on the tote at the last moment. When investments were refused, the punters would walk away sullenly, murmuring: "What d'yer think of that? . . . knockin' back good sugar . . ."

Great were the crowds, and great was the day's racing.

Generally, a racecourse is a place of torn tickets and wry faces. But this country talent seemed to take it all philosophically. There were no inquests. And the man who heard of the good thing, and failed to back it, kept the information to himself.

He didn't like to be deemed a mug.

At Randwick every second person tells you how he was put off the winner; the countryman tells you how he was put on.

ODDS ON.

MOTORING

England, America and Australia :: Astounding Figures

Although the car owner has to bear the full cost of his motor, same is not now the bugbear it was in days gone by when things were not at so high a pitch, mechanically, as at present.

In modern machines, the mechanism has been so perfected that running outlay is really small and, apart from petrol costs, might easily go unnoticed by comparison with owners of 10, 15 or 20 years back. Everything has been vastly improved, from the hood to the tyres. Speed, safety, breaking, and general mobility allied to well-nigh perfect road surfaces, have made the lot of the motorist a thing of joy. No wonder the industry has thrived all over the world and, if the reader has a penchant for figures, let him ponder on the following:—

In U.S.A. in 1934, no less than 2,296,000 passenger cars and 589,000 motor trucks were manufactured, which represented an increase of 43 per cent. on the figures of the previous year.

The factory value of the cars was £229,000,000 and the trucks £61,000,000. Accessory replacements manufactured were put down at £103,000,000 and tyres at £49,000,000. Petrol consumed ate up a mere £546,000,000. If that fails to take away the breath, glance at the gallons consumed.

Petrol sales amounted to 14,490,000,000 gallons and 441 ditto of lubricants. The weight of rubber used for tyres was 708,000,000 lbs.

and cotton fabric used in same, 196,000,000 lbs.

The New Idea.

One of the most significant features of the 1935 models, according to the Dunlop Bulletin, is the pronounced trend toward placing the engine further forward in the chassis. The Wolseley people (England) probably were the first to acclaim the gains associated with moving the power unit more directly over the front axle. They did this first in 1932 in the Hornet car. Now, the world's auto engineers have followed suit and designate the move as re-distribution of weight, about 50-50 on the axles. This, it is claimed, not only ensures a better ride for the passengers, but also improves the stability of the machine. Increased body room, more effective braking, and more uniform wear on brakes and tyres follow naturally. In most cases, it means that passengers in the rear seat will have a more comfortable time on account of sitting further forward from the rear axle.

For Night and Fog

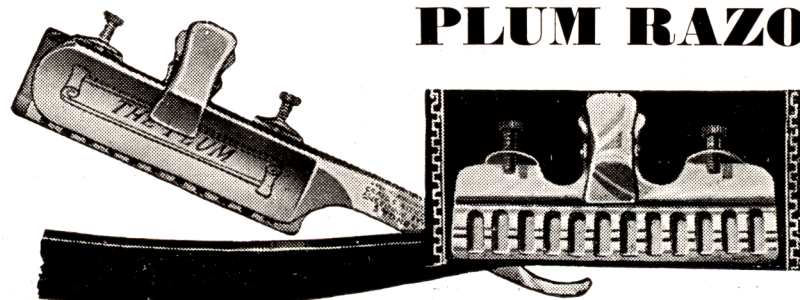
Drivers will be glad to know that a new invention is shortly to come on the market which will do away with many troubles, especially when it is necessary to drive through a fog.

Science is gradually making the lot of the motorist easier. Since the inception of electric lamps for motor vehicles, one disability to defy experts has been the inability to over-

come the blinding effect of driving through a fog.

For years, different shades of amber and yellow glass have been experimented with but the result has left much to be desired. As the result of five years research, it was found that the rays of light on the shorter wave lengths were responsible for back glare, while those of the higher wave length possessed the most penetrating power. The outcome is a formula which has enabled a filtering glass to be manufactured in England for use in auto lamps and for which great advantages are claimed. The new glass is known as "nebulite" and it is claimed will not only penetrate fog, but will greatly improve night driving in clear weather. Another important feature is that the new light emitted is definitely anti-dazzle.

And, just before these notes are rounded off, let me give the official figures for England, lest the reader think that all the cars are in U.S.A. The number of motor vehicles registered in England in 1933, was 2,282,000 and 2,947,000 driving licenses were in force. The estimate is that there is one car to every 20 persons in Great Britain and one driving license to every 15. In 1933 (latest figures available) car registrations numbered 637,658 with driving licenses totalling 820,000 or one license for every 8 persons in the Commonwealth, although it has been given out since, semi-officially, that the ratio had dropped to 1 in 7.7 at the end of December, 1934.



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Life On A Liner

Mellow Leaves from a Log of Sea Adventures

Few lives there are not rich in incident or spiced with deviltry, provided the livers have lived, in the Bohemian sense.

I lived during my tempestuous period at sea, and in this hour of reminiscence recall "Wilkie" of all personalities. He was purser of the S.S. ———, then star liner of Australian coasters, and I his assistant.

Dear old "Wilkie." I can, at this stretch of time, hear his asthmatic cough, and detect his faltering footsteps in the corridors of memory.

Years later, I met him in the street. He told me that the shipping company had pensioned him, but the sea still called.

"You didn't keep on," he said. "Good! The sea's a dog's life, in many ways—but it has its compensations. I saw a lot and heard a lot; but I still want to see more and hear more. I find it hard to settle down. Yet, I wouldn't advise anybody to go to sea."

"Wilkie" was like every other old salt—declare the sea "a dog's life," yet eager to suffer it, and sorry when the time came to sign off.

His port was Sydney; that is to say, his home was in the premier city. My port was Brisbane. We compromised. He was to remain aboard north; I was to stick to the ship south.

But the trouble was that stowaways invariably managed to be discovered on the southern journey. This necessitated "Wilkie's" attendance at court in Sydney.

"My poor, deah wife," he would say, "sees me for just five minutes each trip. A pause, then: "——— the stowaways!"

"Well, I can't help the stowaways," I said. "You can, you must," he rejoined. "In future, you

will stand by the gangway an hour before we sail, and bail up anybody that looks like a stowaway." Yet, he never told me what a stowaway looked like! However, I promised to do my very best.

One man I did bail up happened

That was some months before the event. She told me that her uncle was "a great friend of the owner," and that she had "overheard uncle telling father not to say a word about it." So I was not to mention it to a single soul.

I treated the whole affair as a joke, and do not believe that I even respected the confidence. Time passed, and we happened to strike port on Cup day. As I came ashore the newsboys were yelling: "Result of th' Cup."

I hadn't a farthing on the race, but bought a paper out of curiosity. In black letters was the name of the winner. "Acrasia." The name seemed familiar. Then, I recalled my fair little friend's tip of months previously.

I have not seen her from that day to this, but, if it is of any consolation to her, I hope she got a new dress out of it. I hope that uncle was a sport.

Another time we had aboard a man charged with murder. He didn't look the sort of man who would kill another. For a certain time daily he was brought on deck and chained to the hatch. Some of the saloon girls expressed to me a wish to have a real good look at him—morbid little devils! For a second or two they peered at him with pop-eyed wonderment; then turned and fled. The sight of the poor chained fellow had melted their morbid curiosity into sorrow. "Poor wretch," they exclaimed, with one voice.

A death at sea is a terrible thing. It goes to the heart of the little community. All the gaiety goes out of the voyage and on the deck, there is always one light, red-shaded. Somehow, it generally happened to be a steerage passenger that died.



to have returned with the ship's laundry; another said that he had a consignment of eggs and butter; another happened to be the captain of another ship who had called at the invitation of our captain. That settled me. I determined there and then to challenge no more suspicious-looking characters, but to place my services at the disposal of inquiring passengers. In that way I managed to meet quite the nicest of the travellers (feminine gender) and, incidentally, learn quite a lot of things on the voyage.

One of the girls, I remember, now, gave me (as a great secret) a tip for the Melbourne Cup. Acrasia.

I was excellent friends with the officers. They regarded me as an adventurous youngster, and gave me as much sport as lay in their power. I sometimes wonder how we got out alive from some of our escapades.

In torrid North Queensland I used to go down into the hold for the officers, tally the goods as they were discharged, and keep an eye on the workers. One day I came on deck for a "breather," and remained for some time in the fresh air. The goods were coming up, slung any-old-how. Finally, I returned below to find several of the workers ingloriously drunk. In my absence they had tapped a keg of (over-proof) whisky. We brought them to the deck in slings—same way as bananas were slung.

One trip we struck the rain. It never rains, but it pours in the north. One of the hold-workers was climbing up the slippery ladder leading to the deck. "Shake it up," shouted the stevedore. "Are yer comin' hup or goin' down," he called again. The next instant the man lost his grip and fell to the bottom of the hold.

(To be continued)

A Most Remarkable Man—James White

(Continued from page 5)

White knew nothing about the show business, but he vowed he would have all the beautiful women bowing at his feet for leading parts in future productions. Did I tell you he had a tragic end? White declared open war on Leo Harward, a particularly well-known starting price bookmaker. Harward declared White was bending him and would ultimately break him. It turned out nearer the other way round.

Let me finish off with one more story. I happened back in England in 1925, which was the year when Steve Donoghue had his worst fall. That happened in the Grand Prix de Paris in June, and Steve was out of the saddle for some months. Came the day when Diapason won the Goodwood Stakes with White's Cloudbank in second position. That night Donoghue rang White and suggested he should ride the horse on the morrow in the Cup. White was amazed, and after argument said that if Steve thought he could

win, he would go to the course and back him. I was there, and saw exactly what happened. As the jockeys were preparing to mount, White asked of Steve if he were still confident. The latter replied definitely that he would win, to which White said he would go into the ring and invest £2,000 at least. I beat him to the ring, I'm pleased to relate, and got my trip cost wiped out, but I failed to see White operating, as intended. The trouble was that when on his way to make onslaught on the books, White ran into the late Sol Joel, who asked him what was doing. "Go and back Cloudbank," he urged S.B.J., but that worthy reminded him the horse had run rather badly the previous day. Come and have a drink, he suggested, and White tarried, to his sorrow. Donoghue led the field home, and Cloudbank, unbacked by his owner, started at 10 to 1.

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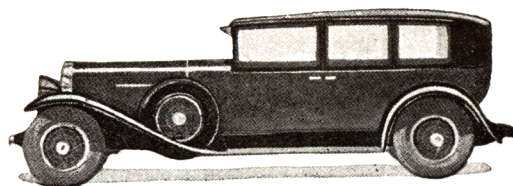


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ROARERS AND ROARING

In Greater Numbers—What is the Cause?

It would be interesting to learn just why there are so many musical horses at present trained at Randwick and other Sydney courses. Is there something in the Sydney air, its humidity and at times enervating properties? The fact remains that more roarers, whistlers and wheezers have been heard at Randwick during the last two or three years than ever before. Extraordinarily enough some of the noisiest have gone on to take the highest honours.

A little research amongst the authorities in veterinary science does little in the discovery of an explanation. In the first place apparently it does not affect some horses adversely. It certainly did not prevent a number of good gallopers from winning race after race. Chatham and Denis Boy are two pronounced cases of recent date. Chatham's disability was explained as something different from ordinary roaring and for Denis Boy some different explanation was made. Yet Chatham's deeds are fresh in the memory and Denis Boy was even better, for he stayed a journey and won a Metropolitan and a Caulfield Cup. Early in his career Denis Boy was discarded by some of the alarmed track watchers even for a Park Stakes but F. McGrath knew his horse and was right.

Generally, roaring, as using the name which covers in general throat afflictions of the horse, arises from the diminution of the calibre of the windpipe, the larynx, or some portion of the air passage. In some respects a whistler may be a very bad roarer, for the more shrill noise is caused by the passage in the windpipe being even more restricted. This has been proved by the tightening of a ligature round the windpipe. The tighter the ligature was drawn the more shrill the noise. Yet of the horses who are afflicted at Randwick it is noticed that some or most begin with a quiet whistle, which increases as time goes on to a deeper tone and as the complaint develops the noise is most pronounced.

Roaring in its various degrees is

caused by various diseased structures and is often the direct result of bad colds and in young horses the after effect of strangles. Thickening of the membrane of the larynx is the general result in this case. Sometimes bands are thrown across the larynx, which are also the effect of inflammation.

It was noticed in the days before the advent of the motor car that roaring was frequent amongst carriage horses, generally produced by tight-reining so as to make the horses appear more stylish with their arched necks. In this later day there is a corollary in the racehorses affected in the wind, or some of them.



Chatham.

When reined in at half pace they are much more noisy than when striding along and their riders not sitting against them. How far they can go at top speed depends on the degree of development of the affliction. Of recent years it has been found that the most prevalent cause of roaring in the racehorse is the paralysis or partial paralysis of the muscles, which assist in the opening of the glottis, caused by the affection of the nerves. In effect, there is a permanent obstruction in the throat where there should be movement for inhalation and exhalation.

It is for this that most horses are operated upon, the paralysed portions being removed entirely. Even this is a gamble, for even in the last year or so operations have been

performed apparently successfully, the paralysed cause of the trouble removed, yet the patient has not been any more valuable as a racing proposition, rather the reverse. This suggests that some of the other causes have obtained and this general operation has not reached the real root of the trouble.

It is also another peculiar feature of Australian conditions that the operation of tracheotomy has not been generally successful. This is better known as tubing, the opening being made in the windpipe and a tube inserted, through which the horse breathes. Much the same applies in New Zealand, yet in England there is a greater number of tubed horses racing and with success. It would be thought that atmospheric conditions in Australia would favour the roarer much more than those in England, yet such apparently is not the case.

Whether roaring is hereditary is a debated point, but it goes through some families in a fashion which suggests that it is. However, there is no definite proof and against the contention is that some of the pillars of the stud-book were out and out roarers yet did not taint their progeny.

Coming again to close at home, the afflicted horses in and around Sydney come from no particular family, and if anything go to disprove the hereditary theory. Veterinary science is making equal progress with others, however, and no doubt really efficient treatment will be evolved which will meet all cases.

Chatham was treated by the horse physician rather than by the surgeon and with great success. It may follow that this course will be followed in the case of other horses. Possibly the most interesting specimen at the moment is the two-year-old, Strathardale. Even quite early in his career he was heard before he could be seen, and he trapped some of his critics into disbelief in his ability to win. Strathardale not only won but won good races and scored by running on.

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The Cutthroatsen System

(By Harold Mercer).

Being Bohemians, we do not observe the conventions, but we have evolved a system of bridge of our own. And we win a lot of money from it when our friends have brought more than two and sixpence with them. We have so many friends, unfortunately, who never seem to have more; some of them even want to borrow the money they lose to us.

We had some difficulty at one time in fixing the position at the table. Having learnt the game from magazine articles, this seemed to be essential. I worked out the places with the aid of a compass; but it meant placing the table in a rather awkward fashion, as our flat faces S.W.S. Then there was trouble when North insisted that he was East. He produced a card to prove it. He *is* East. I had only known him as "Stan." Then it turned out that his partner, who was to play South, was North—I had known him as Tom. It was a problem how East could be a partner with North—and there was confusion later when East, who was North, insisted on playing cards from my hand, as East, and North, who was South, got muddled as to his right position also. However, something like that often happens at bridge; in fact, I find that some players are much better at playing other people's hands than their own.

Owing to my wife's little peculiarities as a bridge player it became essential to evolve a system which is foolproof. The little peculiarities include nursing the solitary trump so that she can dump it with a shriek of triumph upon one of my aces—it's so *thrilling*, according to her idea, to take a really big trick with a small card.

Sometimes our opponents object to our bringing gardening implements into the room; but when I wave a good substantial garden shovel, which I nurse against my

knee during the progress of the game, my wife knows, now, that I want a bid, or a lead, in spades. There were a few initial mistakes. For instance, once, although I waved the spade high in the air, excited at having eight spades with all the honours, my wife calmly declared a little slam in clubs, of which I had the deuce. Her explanation was that she had thought I was going to hit her with the garden implement, which would indicate a club; and the little slam was plainly signalled by the way I slapped my hand on the table.

I had to introduce golf sticks to make the indication of that suit quite clear. Such remarks as "I think I'll go down to the club at eleven o'clock," which should have indicated to her a possible five tricks over in clubs, missed fire. In fact, one night she burst out: "If you go down to that place again to-night, I'll follow you there!" The ensuing argument broke up the game.

It is essential for your partner to understand your signals. Culbertson says so. There was the distressing occasion when, after I had touched my tie-pin, Maria went the whole-hog in hearts. She said, after that, that the stone in the pin isn't a diamond, anyhow—it's paste. And I had beautiful diamonds; enough, with a little help in dummy, to go game. Touching any part of the chest indicates hearts, now; and a little by-play with a ring—even if the stones are *not* diamonds—does for the other suit. Fingers held out advertisingly indicate the number of possible overtricks, and thumps of the table, by their weightiness, indicate great and little slam.

We have our substitutes, too. There is the skite-ie bid, for instance. Having five spades to the ten, four smaller diamonds, three insignificant clubs with the three of hearts, you make a bold call in the last-named suit. It puts the wind up the op-

ponents and often prevents a game call; but once when my kick under the table (an indication of the kid-stakes) having gone astray, to the great annoyance of South, who got it on the ankle (a sensitive part), my partner declared five hearts, and then, when they were doubled, promptly re-doubled.

The Cutthroatsen system, however, provides for such situations. The only thing left was to upset the table. "There goes the telephone!" I exclaimed; and, rising abruptly, I send the table, cards and all, flying. My wife, who was underneath, said that I had no need to be so rough. But I *felt* rough.

The frequency with which our card table has been upset, however, has occasioned comment. Our opponents now, keep a firm hold on their cards, and it is frequently difficult to work our system.

In fact, situations have arisen when the garden implements and the golf clubs have come in for other uses than those of signals.

I don't think the Cutthroatsen System is popular amongst the people against whom we play. Some of the protests have been even violent.

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